

BOTTOMLESS CAVE IN INDIANA.

A Peculiar Discovery Recently Made by Contractors Digging a Gas Well.

A cave of enormous proportions has been discovered in the eastern part of Delaware county, Ind., says the Cincinnati Enquirer. The discovery was a very peculiar one. Samuel McPherson, a gas-well contractor, had a set of men putting down a well near Selma, east of Muncie. The drill was down about one hundred feet when it entered space, much to the amazement of the men at the top end of the rope. They commenced to let out rope, and down, down went the heavy drill. It soon struck earth again which seemed to be steep, and the drill slid off to one side and continued on down at an angle. The men worked for hours attempting to penetrate the second earth and continue down to Trenton rock. The contractor had several sections of pipe placed together and let down, but they swung in space. He then tried to partially fill the hole, which would give him a base to work on and prevent the drill from sliding off. Several cords of wood and a dozen wagon loads of boulders were sent down and completely lost.

A horrible stench escapes from the hole, making it almost impossible to remain near the opening. The supposition is that there is an extensive opening some place in that vicinity and that the cavern is a rendezvous for wild animals. For years, hogs, cattle, horses and sheep have mysteriously disappeared from points in this vicinity, and it is thought that they have been dragged into this cavern and the horrible odor comes from their decayed remains. Contractor McPherson's men have been working three days trying to get the drill started in the bottom of the cavern and they will probably give up the task. Others who do not entertain the idea that there is an extensive opening think that the cave was a retreat for the Indians and that many relics would be found could an entrance be made. The cave will be investigated and, in all probability, a hole large enough for the entrance of a man will be made and the interior will be visited. Several months ago a cave similar to this one, except that the bottom was not slanting, was discovered by drillers while putting down a gas well near Bluffton. The drillers are of the opinion that the two are connected, and if so the famous Mammoth cave of Kentucky will be a minute affair, the discoveries being made forty miles apart. One aged farmer says that he intends selling his farm and move from that section of the country, as he fears that in a very short time the earth will drop and fill up the cavern, and then their farms will be a sea and they will all be drowned. Many others are excited in this manner.

AN INLAND EMPIRE.

Its Vast Extent and Its Abundant Growth Gained At.

Abundance, so far as the products of fields, orchards and hopyards can supply it, is the largest of the season to the people of the great inland empire,

says the Portland Oregonian. While the traveler, choking with dust and languishing with the heat, peers from the cars wondering at the tremendous amount of useless material that nature found upon her hands in the construction of the universe, great stacks of hay, waving fields of ripening wheat or huge piles of grain in bags awaiting railroad rates that will permit their movements without loss to the producer, and sleek cattle, mindful of the fierce rays of the sun, browsing upon the wide ranges, refute his impatient criticisms of the utter worthlessness of this vast land.

While there are large tracts that must remain arid until some system of irrigation is devised to make the surplus precipitation of the winter months a blessing to the upper country instead of a source of mischief to the lower lands, there are vast areas that have been reclaimed to agriculture by tillage and irrigation, and the product of these is simply phenomenal. Passing through the entire eastern section of Oregon and Washington by rail at this season of the year, one wonders how anyone can be induced to make homes on its seeming wastes. But, halting at one of the cities of the plains, into which the surrounding country has poured its wealth of fruit and bounty of vegetables and meats, the conviction of the productiveness of the region is forced upon the most skeptical traveler. The loyalty of the people of the inland empire to this section is unswerving, and their confidence in its future greatness is boundless.

Multiplication of the Typewriter.

"The coming man will not write nearly so much as the man of this age," said Prof. Charles Whiteford, of Philadelphia, at the Normandie, "and yet it must not be inferred that the art of penmanship is going to drop into early desuetude. The cheaper typewriters become the less a chirography there will be. Professional men of any standing rarely do any writing now, save, perhaps, to indite their own signatures. In newspaper offices three-fourths of the reportorial staff compose their 'stories' on machines, and not a few of the more dignified editors have learned to play the keys. Hand-writing will linger a great deal longer in the country and smaller towns than in the cities, for the same reason that the candle and kerosene lamp linger longest in the former localities.

STORED HIS GAME.

A Maine Hunter Who Had a First-Class Cold-Storage Vault.

A gentleman who was at work at the Howard slate quarry in Willimantic, of "No. 8" as it was then called, twenty-five years ago, says deer were as plenty then in the woods north of Sebect lake as anyone could ask for. The slate company had a large number of men employed and boarded them in camps, the same as lumbermen board their crews in the woods. To keep the camp supplied with fish and meat they kept a hunter employed every day. The supply never ran short, but some of his methods were peculiar. He evidently kept fish on

call in the winter season. On several occasions, the gentleman says, company came in from Bangor unexpectedly late in the evening. But they only had to say trout to Stone, the hunter, and he would start off in the woods to return in fifteen minutes with a handsome string of fish, apparently just taken from the water. He would bring in deer in winter in much the same way.

His manner of doing this, says the Chicago Times, the gentleman explains, for he went with him once and learned the secret. He took the deer sled out to bring in the game, and the workman went along to help haul it. They did not go very far into the forest when they came to a lot of evergreen boughs heaped upon the snow. Here Stone stopped. Lifting the boughs he tipped the pile over, and the looker-on, who wondered what he was up to, was scared nearly out of his senses when a big buck bounded up out of the hole and fell flat on his side. His feet were tethered so he could not stand. Stone had caught him, tethered him and buried him alive under the brush and snow against future emergencies. This was his system of cold storage.

EXPERT DRIVING.

Skillful Handling of a Fire Engine in Rapid Motion.

"Among other exhibitions of their skill given by the detachment of British soldiers that visited this country last year," said an uptown resident to a New York Sun man, "was the driving of a piece of light artillery with the horses going at a gallop between obstructions that were scarcely farther apart than the wheel tracks without touching them, and very beautifully they did it, too. I am living now in the neighborhood of a fire engine that lies in a cross street just off an avenue in which the elevated railroad runs. Well, you ought to see the engine turn into the avenue from the street between the pillars going to a fire. Of course the pillars are very much farther apart than the artillery obstructions were, but they are taken on a curve instead of going straight, and then, too, they are rigid and immovable; to hit one with the horses on the jump would mean to wreck the engine, or at least to disable it, and there must not be any mistake, and there isn't. They go down the avenue on the gallop and they turn out between the pillars with the same swift certainty. Good driving? Why, it makes you laugh to look at it, and just the same kink of driving is done by all the men in the department every time they go to a fire."

The Raby Castle Fire.

Here is an instance of a fire that has been burning for centuries. According to the testimony of the duchess of Cleveland, the great hearth fire in the hall of Raby castle has never been suffered to expire. This castle is perhaps the noblest and most perfect specimen of feudal architecture in England.